DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

Film Conditions in England Reflect the Situation in America

The prevalence of the multi-reel problem is not confined to the United States. The exhibition of pictures that have nothing but length to recommend them-if that is a recommendation-seems to be as unpopular in England as it is in the United States. These remarks are prompted by a most interesting letter published in the latest number of "keel Life" from its London correspondent. And the letter is of unusual interest to American exhibitora for two reasons. First, because the conditions complained of are practically duplicated in this country. And second, because the publication which prints the letter and thus gives it wide publicity is the official organ of the Mutual Film Corporation, and what the writer states, therefore, has the authority of this big manufacturer of american films behind it. It is not only the long films to which the English writer objects. He has several other complaints complaints that are equally as pertinent to the sit-ration

in the United States.
"Criticism of present conditions, so far as relates to films, may be conveniently surmarized in the fol-lowing assertichs," he states. "There are too many long films, and a maare too many long films, and a majority of long films are not worthy of their length. There is less variety in film productions at the present day than there was, say, four years ago. There is an increasing tendency to deal with scheets which would be better left aline by film producers. There are too many films of a childship melodramatic character.

film producers. There are too many films of a childishly melodramatic character.

"On the point of the long film: I am assured that American exhibitors will have five receirs, six receirs, and longer stuff. It may be true that the long film is in favor in America; I do not think it was ever true, in the broad sense, in England, and I am convinced it is becoming even less true avery day. We have been flooded out with long films. The success of 'Quo Vadis' which was a success not gained by length, but rather in spite of it—set everybody on the production of multi-reels. Now the public accepted the length of "Quo Vadis" because they were kept interested the whole time. Many of the subsequent multi-reels have failed to interest even for a third of their length, and when we had features of from four to six reels dealing with such subjects as the white slave traffic, or too involved and boresome detective stories, this hig stuff began to cloy. jects as the white slave traffic or too involved and boresome detective stories, this big stuff began to cloy. Talk with cinema patrons now and you will find a general dislike of most of the present long stuff. The reason is, of course, that most of it has been 'made to order.' The length of 'Quo Vadis' and 'Judith of Bethulia' was inevitable, but there is a world or difference between putting so much in a film that it has to grow to abnormal length and deliberately to manufacture incident and padding to make ture incident and padding to make length. If you want to please the English public, American manufacturer, cut out the long stuff unless you car, give us films like those men-boned and like 'Home. Sweet Home' We have got all the mediocre stuff

want already. "On the question of variety: It is n the English program today than ears ago. A bold assertion, but before you laugh it to scorth, remember how the English program is composed. Think of the Contingntal multi-recis, think of the unlimited quantity of poor and cheap stuff available to renters; realize that not all the latter put quality before all the latter put quality before price and you will begin to see that there may be very bad programs even with an output, as a whole, on an upward trend. And there are bad programs in English theaters—hundreds of them. One of the standing inconsistencies in the trade is the fact one may see good stuff in the manufacturers' show rooms and bad stuff in the public theaters. The one stuff in the public theaters. The one is not a true reflection of the other—a fact which is being ever more generally acknowledged by manufacturers and which may quite possibly, in the course of the next few years, lead to the English system of distribution being more closely approximated to the American. Apart

from that, is there not something in the assertion that films, as a whole, are not so 'mesty' as they were? Do we not frequently find plots which have once been compressed into a really gripping one-recier, ex-panded into a three or four-part subject? Do we not find much slower ecting in many films, and is it not true that, in many cases, with a great increase in the speed and quan-ity of production there has been a sendency to repeat the same story nd stereotyped situations? Really think those who advance this crit-ism have some reason behind them "On the class of subjects handled today; Despite much 'uplift' talk there is still a great deal of doubtful stuff about, and the tendency of the Continental manufacturers seems, unfortunately to be increasingly to-ward the production or subjects dealing with suggestive themes. The white slave traffic, the 'two women and a man' plot (which seems to form the basis of 75 per cent of Con-tinental sime) and the purely sensational films bulk more largely than ever in the output of the present they are both undesirable and unpenny dradful, the incident is frequently unintentionally humorous and the sensation is commonly of a tipe which it is undesirable a child should see. The detective films and those others dealing with mysterious criminals, whose penchant is for mask and murder, are films of a class which are mostly an insult to the intell'gence of the adult cinema patron. The detective in particular, as conceived by the French or Italian poducer would be a figure of fun were he not also a weapon rerady to the hand of those who attack the fare of the cinema theater. Surely we have got beyond the stage when t is necessary to show a number of characters noting in a way in which real people never acted since the world began in the belief that grown people will enjoy in fatuous form the fare which the healthy boy puts aside, in printed form, when he reaches his sixteenth year." The Other Side of It.

"You don't seem enthusiastic about elevating the stage."
"No." said the theatrical manager. The more you try to elevate the stage, he more depressed the box office seems become.—Tit-Bits.

PHOTOPLAYS AND **PHOTOPLA YERS**



IRENE HUNT. The Mutual Film Star, Who Is Appearing In a Number of Important Productions at Local Photoplay Houses.

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

TOM TABBY MISSES SOMETHING. By FLORENCE E. YODER.

HERE was one thing that Tom Tabby thought he cowld do better than any of the other kitty children and puppy girls and boys in Tabbyiand. He thought that he was a very good speller. To tell the truth he was a good one. But how, you will ask, does he come to have that dunce cap on his head? t was this way.

During the long summer days the Tabbyland girls and boys used to gather at the home of Grandmother Tabby, and have spelling natches. Tom almost always came out ahead, and he was very proud of the fact. Miss Flax, the young lady doll who lived with Grandmother Tabby used to give out the words, ther after the spelling match was all over, Granny would serve good things to

"You had better stay in tonight and study your spelling," said Mrs. Tabby to Tommy one night. "The spelling match is tomorrow, and if you want to keep at the head you will have to study. Tottle is almost "Oh, but I know all of the words,"

"Oh, but I know ail of the words," boasted Tom. "I'm going out to play this evening. If I have to stay in and study ail of the time there is no fun." He got up from the supper table and went out at once, with a small bag in his pocket. Mrs. Tabby sighed and took up her sewing and while Tessle and Tottie, the two little girls did the work up, she heard their spelling.

Now Tom did not worry about any Now Tom did not worry about any one but Roly, a little puppy boy who always tried to get ahead of him at every chance. Down the road and to the brook went Tom, just as if he had something very important on hand. He did in fact. All along in the bushes by the brook were the most beautiful place have were the most beautiful pinch bugs in the world. They had long big jaws, and Tommy patiently hunted about until he had caught six. Then he sm'led to himself and went home, with the poor bugs, pinching and fishting one another, in his pocket. The next day he was up bright and early, put on his clean trousers and shirt, washed his face, and was ready before any of the rest. Before they started he spoke to Tottle. "You had better just let me see those spelling words for a minute," he said carelessly. "Oh Tommy he said carelessly. "Oh Tommy, he said carelessly. "Oh Tommy, I'm so glad." replied h's little sister. "They are very hard words, and I know that you do not know them."

Tom sniffed, but as they walked dewn the road he was very silent.
One glance at the book had told
him the truth. The words were
much too hard for him to know, and he remembered that Roly had stayed at home all evening the night be-

Tessie looked at him out of the coiner of her eye. "You're caught this time, Tommy," she giggled, but, to her surprise, Tom only laughed. "In not worred," he said. He stooped and pleked up a stone and the stooped and the stooped and the stooped and stooped and said. "Tottie shook her head and said, "Let him alone." "I believe he wants to be Tessie looked at him out of the alone." "I believe he wants to be dunce," said Bunkie, looking at him knowingly. Tom just walked on, but in his heart he was planning

something.
Inside the big parlor at Grandmother Tabby's all the young people
of Tabbyland had gathered. Rolv of Tapbyiand had gathered. Rolv was there looking very confident, and when the spelling began Tottie felt very sorry for Tommy. For he missed every single time, and it was not long before Miss Flax grabbed him by the collar, put the dunce cap on his head and set him in a corner.

n a corper.

Tommy did not seem to care, and, in fact, it was just what he wanted. Soon no one paid any attention to him, and that was just as he had planned, too. Roly spelled beautifully, and stayed at the top all of the time. The line got shorter and



shorter. Roly smiled more and more, and, back in the corner, Tommy began to pull something out of his pocket. Then he emptied something out on the floor beside him, being very careful to shake it away from himself.

"Now Roly." said Miss Flax. "just away from himself.
"Now Roly," said Miss Flax, "just two more words and you are the winner." She smiled at him and said "mattress." Tottie was the only other person there, she started a spell, but just then Roly screamed, she screamed. Miss Flax jumped, and the whole room became an up-

"its snakes" yelled Tommy, and with a hop, he was out of the win-dow. With his words the whole crowd fled from the room, but when they went back, after several moments, only six large p nehbugs were to be seen scurrying back and forth across the floor. "Just pinehbugs", said Roly with a sour face, "and I was just about to win." But Miss Flax was wiser. "Where is Tom Tabby?" he asked, but no one knew, and over in a field laughing hard, was Tommy, the dunce! He had not won, but neither had (Copyright 1914 by Florence E. Yoder.)

Vivian Rich Has Life Filled With Adventure

Vivian Rich, leading woman of the American releases, has had a career of dventure since her capyhood. She was porn at sea and has had something of the nature of the restless ocean all her life. In her childhood she lived in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, receiving most of her education in the latter city. Her teachers remember her as a charming little girl who was al-ways at the head of her class.

Miss Rich began her stage career when she was a child, appearing in boys parts. Her straight, well knit figure made her particularly effective in these roles. As a movie actress she as had some unusual adventures, one of the most thrilling being a ride on the brake beams of a moving freight

THE ONLY Department Representing THE PUBLIC

Raymond Hitchcock In a "Photo-Phantasy

Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle and a selected Lubin cast are appear ing in a photoplay which is said to be original in every respect-"plot, scenes. characters, conception." The production will be directed by George Ter williger, and was specially written by Lawrence McCloskey. This "Photophantasy" is in five parts, and is the second big undertaking for the young Lubin director.
Mr. Hitchcock and Miss Zabelle are

late recruits from the musical comedy stage, and are very much enthused with their new work. They both have ex-pressed their willingness to be directed by an M. P. director, and have plodged themselves to work very hard. The exteriors for this "photophantasy" will be photographed on Mr. Hitchcock's Long Island estate, and the interiors took weeks of preparation at the Lubin

WHAT THEY'RE SHOW-ING IN WASHINGTON.

TODAY. "The Million Dollar Mystery," second installment, Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets. Mutual program, Central Park,

Florence Turner in "The Murdock Trial," Crandall's, Ninth and

Warner feature and Mutual program, the Unnamed Theater, Twenty-second and P streets. "The Creation," the Belauco, Lafayette square.

TOMORROW.

Mutual program, Central Park, Ninth near G street. Dorothy Bellew in "The Convent Gate," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"The Living Fear," Olympic Park. Fourteenth and V streets. "The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette square.

Warner feature and Mutual program, the Unnamed Theater Twenty-second and P streets.

Develop Truth By Proper Training

Over-Developed Imagination May Be All That Is Wrong When You Suspect Your Child of Lying. Aesserts Mrs. Dubois-How to Guide It.

Discrimination between the true and the false is not an attribute of the child's mind. It may not come until the period of adolescense. What parents may think is lying is often no more than an over-developed imagination. Mrs. Dubois today cites a striking incident of child life in this respect and draws therefrom its moral. By MRS, FRED T. DUBOIS.

Overdeveloped imagination may often be mistaken by parents for lying. Discrimination between the false and true cannot always be considered an inherent attribute of a child's mind. It must be developed by training. I am reminded of a boy of seven

breathlessly rushing into his mother and crying: "I came near being run down by the fire en-

"Why, where were you?" "Over there by the academy. They were coming down the street pell mel!, and one

jumped on top
of mc. I just
got out in time."

Now there had been no fire, his
mother discovered; neither had the
fire wagon been out; but that child's vivid imagination had pictured the thing to him in such a realistic way and he had lived it over and over again that, by the time he had reached home, he had become a real factor in a fire.

His mother had been a teacher and, fortunately, she had as a friend a teacher of English whose brother was a noted writer, and in his youth had told just such fabulous

Trained Imagination.

The father of the boy, a sturdy Scotsman, had no sympathy with the boy's imaginative stories, but, loving the "batroles" and the "gude wife, he listened to her explanation, and together they have watched the lad and have trained his imagination. but at the same time have taught him to discriminate between the false To some children this discrimina-

know a little girl in an excellent home who never saw any reason why she should tell the truth if a falsehood would serve better. The parents were worried, but the mother, who had been a kindergartner, wisely refrained from punishing the child, but, through stories, games, and steering away from situations where a lie would be necessary to serve her purpose, she gradually developed a sense of honor in her child. This did not reach fruition until the child passed through adolescence.

Develop Character.

Many times the awakening does not come until adolescence. The kindergarten and the houses of childhood are the best places I know of where you can send children and feel that right principles are being instilled and character is being de-

ereign power.
Yet not for power (power herself would Come uncalled for), but to live by Acting the law we live by without fear. Since Right is right, to follow Right Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-

quences."
To Dr. George Becht, secretary of the State educational commission Pennsylvania, we are indebted this thought on self-control. we are born; we have hungers;

we experience love, joy. suffering; these comprehend and make up the round of life.

"These elemental experiences are the common heritage of all; and while the elements of life are few and simple, their infinite variety and unique relationship, make liv-ing an exceedingly complex prob-

When we come to deal with children we find these same simple elements differing in each personality, and, because they differ, the growth and developement of each child is such an interesting and fascinating

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Behind the Screen

"The Man on the Box," with Max to "Stop Thief," for the picturization of that famous comedy. The picture original roles, will be the next Lasky one of the big licensed studios. The picture is now comrelease. plete, and Mr. Figman is on his way

The first motion picture studio in Courage. New England to produce feature plays-Dadmun, of Bostop, is working on a three-reel drama entitled:

The Vitagraph Company of America East with the negative. Work on "The Call of the North," with Robert Edeson, is going forward at the Lasky studios.

The first motion picture studia in Courage."

The Vitagraph Company of America has purchased from Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the eminent divine and author, the rights to three of his best novels. They are "The Fetters of Freedom," "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," and "The Chalice of Courage."

Robert Leonard and Lloyd Ingraham (Universal West Coast studios) are pro-ducing an exceptional romance of artist life in Paris which affords Mr. Leonard 'Where Life's Cross-Roads Meet," life in Paris which affords Mr. Leonard and Miss Hall a fine opportunity to display their art in new roles. The story is a one-reeler and is entitled. "As Fare George Kleine has secured all rights

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

A new series of married-life stories by Leona Dalyrymple, author of "Diane of the Green Van," the \$10,000 prize novel. Interesting, readable always, a delight to the young, a treat to the elders, you can't afford to miss a single word of it.

The truth, plain and unvarnished, about the "girl in the case" distinguishes this new series. Readers will follow the fortunes of Peter with growing interest. It is a greater and more interesting series than the Urner stories of "Married Life," or any other of

BEGIN THE SERIES IN MONDAY'S TIMES

Great Novels in a Nutshell

"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS"

where the Ripple flows into the

Floss, stands Doricote Mill. Qn

the green banks, by the neverresting wheel, Maggie Tulliver loved to

wait for Brother Tom, her hero and

Maggie was very lonesome when Tom

went away to school, and she often

went to visit him. There she met Philip

Wakem, puny, white-faced, and hunch-

backed, and learned to like him. She

did not love him, how could she, when

she did not know what love was? But

she did not know what love was? But Philip loved Maggie with all his heart. It had taken all their father's ready money to send Tom to this good school, and soon he became involved in a law-suit that threatened to take even the mill away. Pivart, who had lands higher up the river, was taking water to irrigate them, and Mr. Tuiliver went to law to stop him. Philip's father was Mr. Pivart's lawyer. Consequently, out of their fathers' quarrels there developed a keen antagonism between Tom and Philip.

AUGUSTA SHELBY

from a distance, and then n Guest came upon the scene. was one of Philip's young em-

her own home.

It was a sad homecoming. Tom would not let her return to his house, and so Maggie, under the blackest cloud a woman can know, took up her fesidence in a boarding house in the town. Though all the world turned against Maggie, her mother and Philip still remained true to their love for her. A few months of bitter suffering and penitence came to Maggie, and then the end

Motor Cars and Our Crowded City Streets

but think of it, seventeen accidents, twenty-seven people injured seriously, and five killed outright. There's nothing queer or peculiar about this city and county at all.

What in the world has become of our common sense and our common humanity, to say nothing of our common manners?

What would you think of a man who grabbed his hat off and started down the middle of the street of any town in any county in this or any other country, yelling at the top of his voice: "Get out of my way, get out of my way

"Get out of my way, get out of my way

—I'm in a hurry."

How many feet do you suppose that
man would get in his wild rush before he was arrested, and how long do
you think it would take to get him
locked up in the insane asylum?

What's the difference between being crazy on foot and being erazy in an automobile? I can't see any, can you?

The Psychology of Speed. What is there about an automobile

that turns the head of every man in three who tries to drive one? I'm not talking about the joy idlots. I mean the plain, every day, sensible man who driven by a woman, a rather pretty lives next to you or opposite to me,

have you ever been to a police court on a good, busy morning, say Monday, when the automobile people came in to answer to the charges against them? You ought to go some morning; you'd get a brand new side light on human nature.

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ness and Loss of Sleep.

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EATH the chauffeur is on the rampage again. There were eighteen automobile accidents in the city and county where I live in just one day this week.

That day, to be sure, was Sunday; but think of it, seventeen accidents, but think of it, seventeen accidents, and they were all very cross with the people for being run over. One man had run down and killed an inoffensive old gentleman who was on his way home from church. The man who did the killing admitted that he but think of it, seventeen accidents,

was running rather fast—he wanted to get somewhere in the country in time for Sunday dinner, he said.

Yes, he saw the old gentleman when he started across the street; no, he was not confused or excited—he saw him quite plainly. He sounded the horn, sounded it not once, but three times. The old gentleman did not get out of the way—and—what could he expect? What was an automobile horn for any-how?

how?

It turned out that the old gentleman was deaf. The man who killed him smiled triumphantly when that fact came out in the testimony. An Unfortunate Accident.

He turned in his seat and smiled at the judge, as much as to say. 'There, now, what did I tell you?' And the judge, being a man of sense, from the point of view of a chauffeur, said that it was all a most unfortunate accident. It's sunday morning; the sun is shinten in the true and the man who the judge, as much as to say, "There, now, what did I tell you?" And the judge, being a man of sense, from the so instructed the jury, and the man who had killed the old gentleman went home just a bit cross over the time he had wasted in such a trivial affair.

There was another serious case on the had killed the old gentleman went home

docket that same morning: A little boy had been run over and had both his legs cut off. The machine which ran him down was

lives next to you or opposite to me.

Give him an automobile and he turns into a rude, ill-bred, overbearing, disagreeable, unreasonable, dangerous enemy to society.

What on earth is the matter with him?

Have you ever been to a police court on a good, busy morning, say Monday, when the automobile people came in to answer to the charges against them?

You ought to go some morning; you'd get a brand new side light on human nature.

What on earth is the matter with him—he was bleeding a good deal, and it always made her faint to see blood—and besides, she didn't know who he was, hadn't the faintest idea where he lived.

You ought to go some morning; you'd get a brand new side light on human nature.

remember whether she sounced the form nature.

I went the other morning and spent two hours listening to several rather intelligent looking men and two more than usually intelligent looking women. They

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

Genuine Castoria

Use

For Over

Thirty Years

Always

Bears the

Signature

veloped a keen antagonism between Tom and Philip.

It made Maggie doubly sad when her father commanded her not to see Philip again, or to speak to him when she went to tell Tom that he must leave school—for leave school Tom must. The blow had fallen on their father. The lawsuit had been decided against him, and he had lost Doricote Mill, the land, and everything. Nothing was left.

That night when Tom and Maggie got home they found the sheriff in possession of the house, and there was a debt against my father, besides, for \$3.79. Tom bravely took the debt upon himself, and vowed to earn the money to clear his father's name. Against his will, Mr. Tulliver remained as Mr. Wakem's manager at the mill.

In the long months that followed Maggie sometimes met Philip on her walks through the lovely fields. He asked Maggie to marry him; she recause some mother didn't watch her own children and keep them in the house all the time where there was nothing to hurt them?

The other cases were more trivial—one elderly woman had been knocked down and hurt severely, but she was still alive. One little girl had had her arm broken and her face scarred—for life. The other people were simply hurt enough to keep them in the hospital some weeks and give them at least a fighting chance for life.

And not one of the people who had done a single one of these things seemed to have the least feeling of shame or remorse or disgrace.

ed to have the least feeling of shame or remorse or disgrace.

I wonder why?

If you should take a pistol and shoot it off in a crowded street, nobedy would listen to you if you said you just did it for fun and didn't mean to hurt any

one.

What's your hurry, Mr. Chauffeur?
Look, there's an old lady trying to cross the street—why should she wait for you?

Zip—crash—zim—around the corner, down the street as if the very fiends were after you. What's your hurry, where are you going in such desperate haste?

The Right Of Way.

We own the streets, we run them anyway-we in the motor cars-and this is not France, where the laws protect the carriage people and make a man pay a fine for daring to be run over, but

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